

Nephi L. Morris's Article: "WHY CAN NOT THE REPUBLICAN AND PROGRESSIVE PARTIES GET TOGETHER?" Next week

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LEROY ARMSTRONG

Editor

WHY DIDN'T THEY DO IT!

When the state Republican convention prepared its pledge to the people it promised with all the solemnity possible that it would place Utah in line with the other states providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

The Republicans controlled the legislature absolutely. And yet they didn't make a move to redeem that pledge. And now the state will have to pay the cost of an extra session, in order that the national law may be observed in Utah.

The breaking of pledges is wrong, even in politics.

If your name should chance to be Diggs,

Or any relation of Piggs,

And you're caught with the goods

In your amorous moods,

Fess up like a man, and take what's coming to you,
and don't blame the girl.

"GRACIA, A SOCIAL TRAGEDY."

The objection to the book "Gracia" must be that it is common. So is life. So is love. So is sunshine—and air and light and darkness, and everything of value in the world.

The book looks as if it had been offered to many publishers, and had been declined by them until the author was forced into one of the houses not recognized as of the elect—one of the heterodox, as it were. For Charles H. Kerr has long been recognized, where known at all, as a publisher of reform or advanced sociological material—in and out of book form. And the mechanical appearance of the book is pretentious beyond the realization of its engraving, printing, paper and binding.

But the story is there, and the manner as well as the matter is preserved in the book. No

one would call Frank Everett Plummer a great poet. But no one who carefully reads this record of a girl's life and her love will deny that the story is told in verse of a high quality, that the imagery is true, and that in many places the composition rises to the region of really great. There is nothing trivial or unclean about it, in the sense that men and women of literary taste need avoid its reading. But there is excellent reason why they should read it, and especially why their daughters should do so.

Mothers who do not warn their daughters when the maternal eye sees impending danger—warn them in love and without accusation or suspicion—will find in this little book much of rebuke and of correction.

I think the saddest tears that ever fall
From human eyes upon this tear-drenched earth
Are those by mothers shed for ruined girls.

Weep, mother, weep. In sorrow dost thou eat
The bitter fruit of thine own carelessness.
Couldst thou not see the signs of growing love?
Didst thou not know that inexperienced youth
Confides, believes, and has no will to hold
Life's battlements against a wily foe?
Why didst thou, mother, not protect thy child?
And thou, oh father, where wert thou the while
Thy girl was tutored in life's mysteries.
By one unknown save by his polished mein?
Thy child is victim of thy heedlessness.

There is a compelling tribute to motherhood—even in the soul and from the lips of a girl whose child came unfathered into the world. And, indeed, the very misfortune makes for the pathos and the impressiveness of this passage.

O sister, none but mothers know the sweet
Contented love that fills the heart when one's
Own babe, with quiet yet responsive life,
Is clinging gently to the willing breast.

O mother love, that fount unpoisoned yet!
Conventionality, which deadens all
It touches into artificial fraud.
May thrust the woman out, but can not frame
The laws for mothers' hearts. I loved my child,
An outcast though I was, and it my shame.
No shame indeed, where God shall be the judge.

Is motherhood not honorable? Is there
Condition that can make of it a wrong?
Oh, say it not, but stand for God and right.
Defend the truth. Ignore the social guild.
Condemn all laws that nature contravene.
Bring all to harmonize with God's decrees.
Oh, make it good for children to be born.
Give royal welcome to the little ones.

But her baby died, and Gracia, driven from home, her mother passed from earth, found life a very hard and bitter thing—until she grew hard and bitter herself, like the world she confronted. And then, scorned of her lover, hungry,

desolate, discouraged, she entered a life of shame.

She looked at the problem with level eyes, later, in telling her story, for she says:

But woman loses more, is more disgraced.
Man is the baser metal, and the stains
And sooture scarcely serve to tarnish him,
For he is nearer earth, and earthlier.
But woman, jostled from her sacred place,
Her purity and innocence once marred,
Must fall so far; and spots on her fine gold
Look grosser still, and vastly uglier.
Her throne forsaken once, is not regained,
Aye, more: She knows not any pause in sin.

Then she saw her former lover one day. He was riding in honored ease and perfect luxury by the side of a woman evidently his wife. And Gracia went straight to a shop and bought a dagger. She put herself in his way, and he saw her. Then he hunted her up, in the palace of sin where she had lodged herself. Then she upbraided him, and left him a moment with the dagger within his reach, and he killed himself. The girl, arrested and charged with his murder, could make no accepted defense. She was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life. And it is to a Sister of Charity who visits her that she tells the story which should have a better use, certainly, than while away an hour of the reader's time. It ought to have a message for every girl. It ought to have a lesson for every mother in the land.

And it wouldn't hurt the fathers to have their consciences stirred, either.

The trouble with Huerta, 'tis clear,
Is a mixture of ambition and fear.
If he has enough sense
To be worth thirty pence,
He'll welcome Miss Peace while she's near.

DID YOU EVER DIG A WELL?

I don't get much good out of the story of Abraham, there in the Bible. Maybe he was the best they could produce at the time, but there are a good many blowholes in his character, considered as a model. He had a bad habit of palming off his wife as his sister and white-slaving her to any Pharaoh or king that seemed to be impressed by her peculiar style of beauty. But Abraham did one good thing. He digged wells.

For the greater part of his life he dwelt in what we would call a desert land. It wasn't like Tooele county, for it lacked the sagebrush and the soil. But it was like in detail that both need water. And that is why my partner and I